

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOME NEW POETRY.

HOLY SONGS, CAROLS, AND SACRED BALLADS.

By Mrs. J. W. Buxton Knight. New York: J. W. Buxton Knight.

The lingering echoes of the medieval churchly spirit which resound from these saintly lyrics strangely contrast with the secular airs of modern poetry. Like the author of the grand religious poem, "The Light of Asia," who assumes the person of a Buddhist devotee, the writer of these "holy songs" must be supposed to speak in the character of a pious anchorite in whom all earthly passion had faded away in the raptures of divine love. But the enthusiasm of the poet bears too deep a stamp of solemn earnestness not to have been inspired by genuine personal experience. Amid the insidious suggestions of a skeptical philosophy and the crumbling ruins of ancient faiths, she forsook not but that of a woman of Ambrose de Vere could have indited these verses) clings to the ideas of the early centuries as the life-blood of her being, and surrounds them with the quaint and pathetic imagery which has formed their environment for ages. The poetry of this volume, in its antique purity, uncolored by the floating lights of the day, reminds the reader of the marbles of Parnassus in their lonely beauty, with no admixture of the evanescent hues of cunning Art. The ray unition of the following stanzas affords a specimen of the mediæval style of the poet's thought and illustration:—

When I was waking, my heart beat like breaking,  
When all things were dark and cold;  
When my heart failed, and for a death  
My sinners grow sick, grown old;  
When no man cared how with me I fared,  
When my heart failed, and for a death  
My sinners grow sick, grown old;  
When no man cared how with me I fared,  
When my heart failed, and for a death  
My sinners grow sick, grown old;

There is no learning with sore work nor learning,  
A welcome to peace to share;  
My God, so be it, I should never see it,  
If the cost were death;  
My sinners grow sick, grown old;  
When no man cared how with me I fared,  
When my heart failed, and for a death  
My sinners grow sick, grown old;

Oh, you, who talk in a man's great way—  
So, love would be a man's great way—  
Why, yes, if he last to the grave, indeed,  
After the grave last in the day,  
But the grave last in the day, indeed,  
After the grave last in the day, indeed,  
After the grave last in the day, indeed,

The historical incidents of the New Testament  
are reproduced beneath a veil of tender poetic  
fancies, showing the depth of religious feeling  
which characterizes the gift of affluent invention. An  
example of this may be found in the poem of Mary  
Magdalene at the tomb of Jesus:—

"While it was yet dark,  
Mary Magdalene, when the moon had set,  
Fared in the dark—voice worn and bent was she,  
Nought more than a wraith of a specter;  
Mary Magdalene, in her misery,  
Fared in the dark—voice worn and bent was she,  
Nought more than a wraith of a specter;

"Mary," He said, "no shades of night had fled  
Under dewy leaves, he said, "I—death is dead;  
"Mary," He said, "no shades of night had fled  
Under dewy leaves, he said, "I—death is dead;  
"Mary," He said, "no shades of night had fled  
Under dewy leaves, he said, "I—death is dead;  
"Mary," He said, "no shades of night had fled  
Under dewy leaves, he said, "I—death is dead;

After the pains of death, in a place unknown,  
Trembling, of visions haunted, and all alone,  
I too shall hear Thee, Jesus, my hope, my trust,  
I too shall hear Thee, Jesus, my hope, my trust,  
I too shall hear Thee, Jesus, my hope, my trust,  
I too shall hear Thee, Jesus, my hope, my trust,  
I too shall hear Thee, Jesus, my hope, my trust;

The spirit of "Dues Iru" is clothed in a milder  
form in the following solemn cadence:  
"Behold, the Judge sits at the door."  
How drearily is this place,  
As thou wert far away,  
I slept in this my day,  
New Year, Thy presence here,  
I wake and find that Thou art here,  
And my soul meets me for fear,  
Love, Thy presence here;

Thou Judge of quick and dead,  
Now hast Thou found my soul;  
O'er me Thy thunder rolls,  
My soul is dead,  
O how shall I Thy glance abide,  
No place is found where I may hide,  
My guilty dead,  
Lord Jesus, dead, yet dear,  
Thy faded eyes are here;  
Low at Thy pierced feet,  
I sink for fear,  
Ousting from God most high,  
If I must perish, let me die,  
And perish here;

Lord Christ, I have no plea,  
Thou knowest my guilt is great;  
Fits my lost state,  
My misery see,  
Absolve, O Lord, my sinful soul;  
None can forgive and make me whole,  
Jesus, but Thee.

The following short pieces have a more modern  
flavor, and exhibit a tenderness of sentiment and  
sweetness of expression that entitle the writer to  
an honored place among the poets of the day.

"There shall in no wise enter it anything that de-  
flects."  
O Zion on the sacred hills,  
Fair my city, my home,  
The nation of God's presence fills,  
The city of our solitudes.

O shall I up her pathways wind,  
And hear a faint, faint hymn,  
Where shining rainbows light ascend,  
Above the chanting seraphim I  
Her golden gates all like outbar;  
The shining river through her fountains  
In rainy shade, and in her streets,  
The common people of her streets.

I know not how, if anywhere  
I met the Christ, 'neath some fair tree,  
To hear Him speak my soul could bear,  
Nor die of joy and no more here.

But since thou knowest, who dost afford  
This boon above all other grace,  
I trust, even I, to see the Lord,  
And hear the best of his face.

"I am ready to depart."  
Now my soul will be at rest,  
Quiet is the closing day,  
God doth gently welcome the way,  
And with peace my still endow.

Wine of life, 'tis well-nigh spent,  
Life is over, rest is near;  
Let us wait for Thee, nor fear  
When Thy sunbeams shall be sent—  
"Enter thou."

Bridgeway at a feast divine,  
Earth her best doth first afford,  
And the worst afterward;  
But thou hast kept the good wine  
Until now.

The sincere lovers of religious poetry of the true  
catholic stamp, free from the jargon of the sects and  
the artifice of the schools, will welcome this volume  
for its undisturbed churchly spirit, and having tasted  
the old wine in old bottles, will not wish to slack  
their thirst at shallow fountains.

THE ENIGMA. A Magazine of the Ethical Work of Artists.  
London: New York: J. W. Buxton Knight.

little improvement upon the earlier ones. The "Herd-  
ford" of Mr. J. W. Buxton Knight is singularly flat  
and muddy; no birds could fly through his trees, no fish  
make their way in his river, and the birds would dash  
themselves to death against his solid sky. It is no  
imaginative sense of size, either, and the tower of his  
cathedral is no higher than the spire, and the tower of  
the tower of the cathedral church. Mrs. Anna Lee Merritt's  
etching after her own portrait of the distinguished Eng-  
lish actress, Miss Ellen Terry, will not greatly increase  
the reputation of our gifted country woman, and cer-  
tainly—supposing the likeness to be a good one—will  
not excite in the mind of any artist the desire to pro-  
duce the actress's portrait, which is the fault—often met  
with in modern etchings—of not being able to give a  
rough way with it, we naturally take for granted some-  
thing sturdy and vigorous in the thought as expressed,  
but are disappointed; the thought, large and bold;  
there is no deepening of any kind in this face, but  
only so much as may be expected in a well-known  
face. The actress's portrait, and drawn-down mouth. Yet,  
with all the picture's shortcomings it is evident enough  
that the artist's model is not the conventional stage  
engaged in the presentation of an original study, and  
that the artist, herself, may be as yet but a novice. Every  
number of *The Etcher* contains three plates, with a page  
of text accompanying each.

DRAMATIC PERSONS AND MOODS, WITH OTHER  
NEW POEMS. By Mrs. S. M. PIATT. 12mo, pp.  
120. The tragic element which enters so largely into  
Mrs. Piatt's poetical resources is made use of in the  
present volume to an extent which will not com-  
mune the widest range of sympathies. She delights  
in portraying the darker aspects of human experi-  
ence, and though her pictures abound with firm and  
vigorous touches, the excess of almost lurid color-  
ing, if not redeemed by frequent suggestions  
of tenderness and pathos, would offer but  
faint enticements to pure and robust nat-  
ural tastes. The influence of Mrs. Browning  
upon the style of the writer often betrays her into  
perilous experiments. Many of the poems consist  
of shadowy hints, rather than of lucid representa-  
tions, and tempt the reader to doubt whether he  
has mastered their significance. Mrs. Piatt evi-  
dently possesses a profound insight into the work-  
ings of human passion; but with her fondness for  
dramatic forms she does not always exhibit her in-  
tuitions in a clear light; and her subtle reflections  
lose much of their power by the fragmentary char-  
acter of their poetical costume. The following  
poem, for instance, though expressing a refined and  
delicate conception, affords the reader a painful  
study, rather than a sweet enchantment:—

We must not quarrel, whatever we do,  
For if I was not I was not I was not;  
We must not quarrel, whatever we do,  
For if I was not I was not I was not;  
We must not quarrel, whatever we do,  
For if I was not I was not I was not;

Oh, you, who talk in a man's great way—  
So, love would be a man's great way—  
Why, yes, if he last to the grave, indeed,  
After the grave last in the day,  
But the grave last in the day, indeed,  
After the grave last in the day, indeed,  
After the grave last in the day, indeed,

Ab, death is nothing! It may be so,  
Yet, grating at least that death is death,  
I pray for the grave, and I pray for the grave,  
I pray for the grave, and I pray for the grave,  
I pray for the grave, and I pray for the grave,  
I pray for the grave, and I pray for the grave,  
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the invention is founded and a description of the  
methods of its practical operation is given in this com-  
prehensive monograph. The author accords full credit to  
Mr. Edison for his improvements on previous systems,  
and the results of his experiments with the latest mono-  
graph are referred to as among the finest inventions of  
the age. With regard to the phonograph, Com-  
modore remarks that the discovery of the prin-  
ciple is no doubt due to Mr. Charles Cross, but it is a ques-  
tion whether the system described by him would have  
been capable of reproducing speech, but this has been  
effected by the instrument of Mr. Edison, who is there-  
fore the inventor of the phonograph. The various ap-  
plications of the principles of science to purposes of pro-  
fession, which are described in this volume give it a  
peculiar interest as an illustration of the progress of  
knowledge and the spirit of the age.

THE PORTFOLIO. An Artistic Periodical, Edited by  
Philip Gilbert Hamerton. New York: J. W. Buxton Knight.  
The November number of *The Portfolio* is  
most interesting for its text than for its illustrations.  
The etching after Adolph Schreyer, "Wallachian Post-  
ing," although by Unger, is rather weak, the fault, pos-  
sibly, of the picture itself; but the account of Schreyer  
by Mr. Atkinson is interesting as biography and as call-  
ing attention to the novelty of the field in which the  
artist works. Mr. Hamerton gives an analysis of Dürer's  
"Prophet" which is useful as far as it goes. He  
mentions the fact that Dürer's "Prophet" bears to  
that of Dürer himself; there can be little  
doubt that, as Heller says, Dürer intended  
for his own portrait. In this case, it is interesting  
in another way, as being the only profile view we have  
of the artist's face. In connection with this print we may  
make the observation that in the original drawing for  
the plate, which is in the British Museum, one of the  
foreground pigs has his foot in the shallow tub that is  
set for them, but, in the print, they stand quietly by the  
side of it, each with all four feet on the ground. An old  
farmer, looking at a picture of Morand, remarks, say-  
ing to the artist, "You never saw a pig feeding at a  
trough, but one of them has a foot in it." Dürer  
had noted this in making his drawing, but when he  
came to make the engraving, he either forgot it, or he  
did not think it of importance. Mr. Hamerton in  
his notes on *Athletics* has some interesting remarks on  
the subject of "Idiosyncrasy," and Mr. Lucas has an  
entertaining account of *Art in Belgium*, in which,  
among other things, there is a contrast drawn by the  
writer which is not without a silent rebuke to certain  
of our countrymen. Mr. Lucas tells his readers about an  
artist named Felix, a native of Antwerp, who was  
born without arms, and who, nevertheless, made a copy  
of old pictures, holding his brushes and palette be-  
tween his toes. Felix sold his copies as fast as he could  
make them, and Americans were among his chief ap-  
prover. "Yet," says Mr. Lucas, "there was another  
copyist, a constant attendant at the gallery, an Ameri-  
can of the name of Copeland, who executed the  
most faithful and beautiful copies of the  
old masters' pictures, so faithful, indeed, that  
one could almost mistake them for the originals. Yet,  
unconsciously, he executed a very subtle and artful  
copy of his own, which he sold for a high price. Felix,  
without a doubt, had always got, not his hands, but his  
feet, full of commissions." This recalls to the name of  
Mr. Copeland, who, several years ago, brought some of  
his copies to this city, where they were exhibited, and  
where, we believe, they are still in storage, not one of  
them having been sold, at the time of the exhibition.  
And yet, as *THE TRIBUNE* recorded at the time, the copies  
were remarkable every way, not merely for their faith-  
fulness—they were chiefly copies of Rubens—but for their  
beauty; they showed an unusual sense of artistic feel-  
ing, and a fine sense of color. We doubt if better copies could  
be made, and, nevertheless, as we have said, not one of  
them found a purchaser.

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